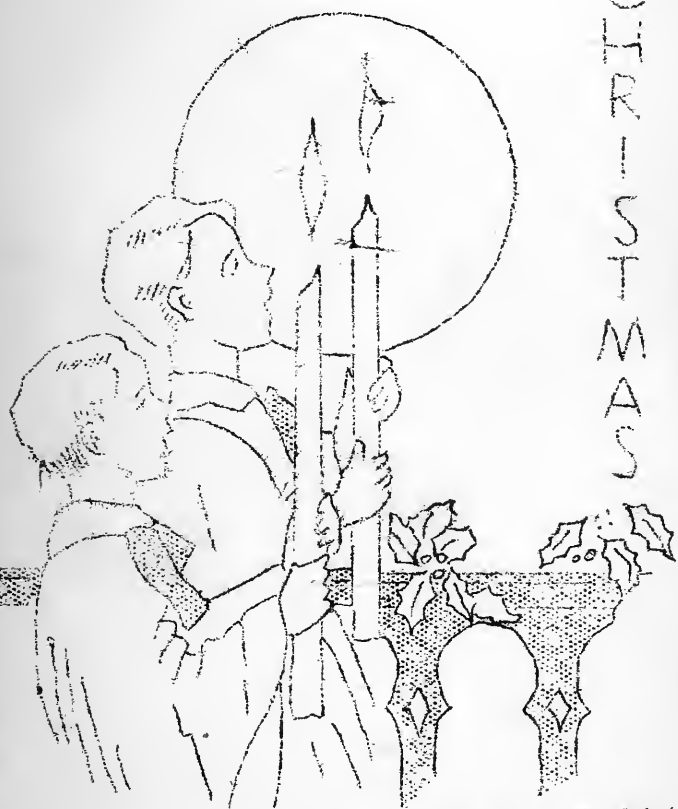


NORTHERN JUNKET

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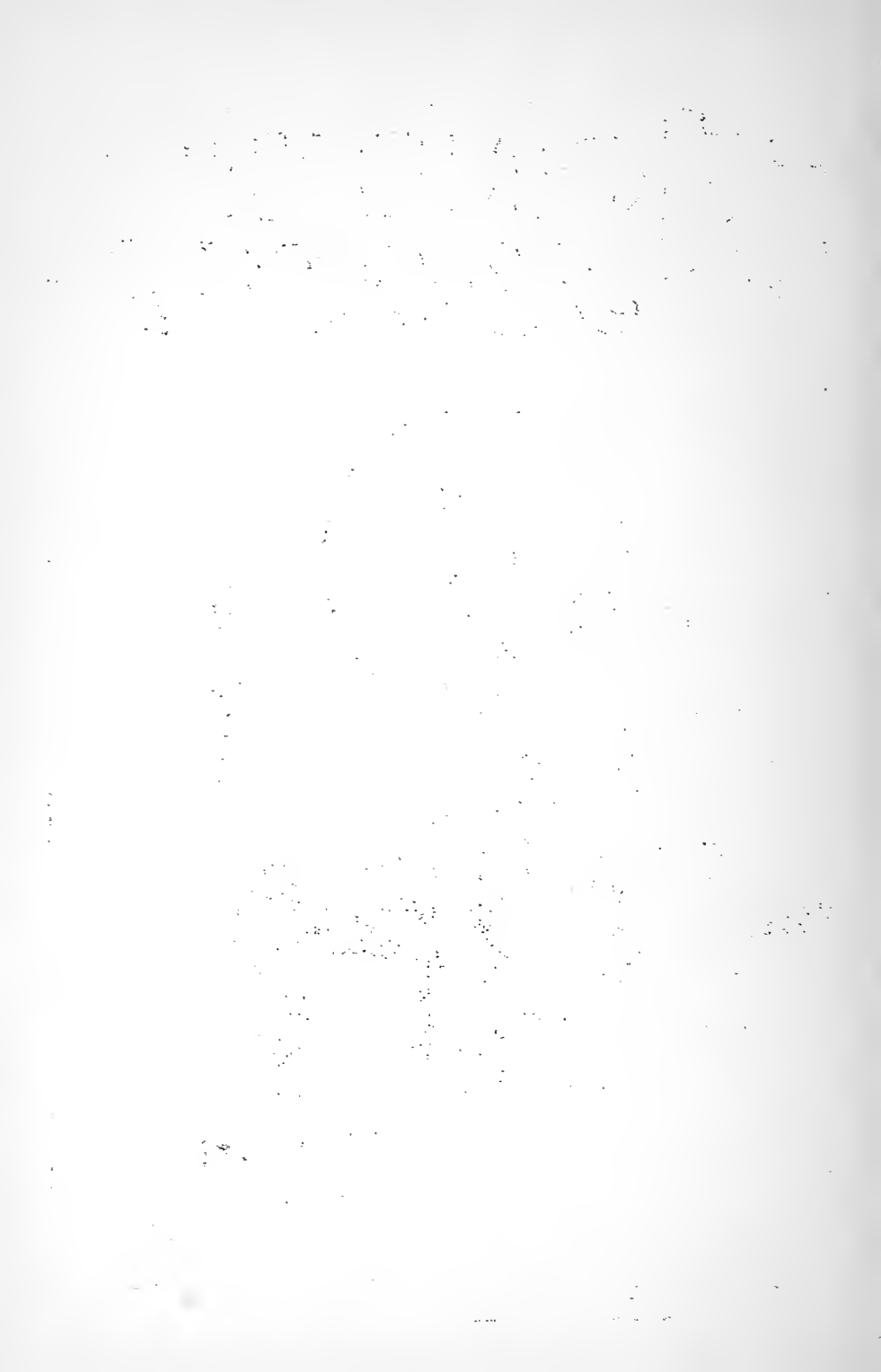


THIS ISSUE

25¢

Volume 2

Number 5





TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Naturally, we hope that you will like this second annual Christmas number of NORTHERN JUNK ET. As with the first one, last year, it was a lot of extra work, but it was worth it.

Christmas is a delightful subject to study about. We really got interested last December, and are more so today. Go to your library and read about all the many angles of it and you will be fascinated by the wealth of material easily obtainable.

A short while ago we thought of a world shaking editorial for this page. Somehow or other after reading about Christmas it doesn't seem anywhere near as important as it did. So it couldn't have been of too much importance anyhow.

Without more ado here's wishing you all a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

sincerely

Ralph

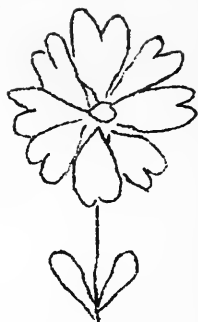
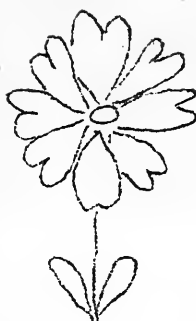
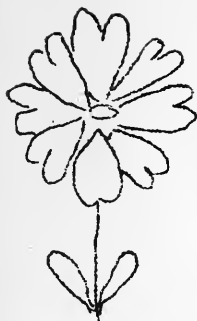


QUO VADIS by Ed Durlacher

Once upon a time, in this nation of ours there was a simple form of recreation known as square dancing. I say this because that which once upon a time was simple is now going through a phase that has no counter part in social or folk dance history in this country or any other country of the world.

Until a short time ago it was possible to go from dance to dance over the country and after taking Fourth Couple position the early part of the evening to be able to do all the dances with ease and utmost pleasure. Today in certain areas if one should miss two or three sessions of the group he attends he is a lost soul, and is frankly frowned upon by those with whom he formerly danced.

It seems that each caller, to satisfy a small minority, must create and create new and more intricate movements or feel that he is losing his grip. A dance that only a week before had been thought of as the last word in intricacies, now becomes old before its time, and sneered at by the so-called elite of the square dance world.

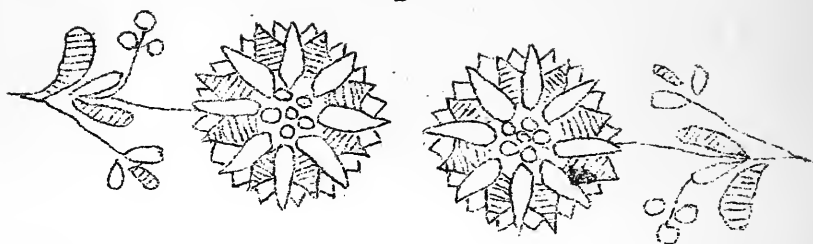


Once upon a time, and not too long ago, a caller was recognized by his complete knowledge of square dance calls and his ability to teach ~~and~~ call for the majority rather than as now, to know two or three hooper-doooper gimicks to confound the populace. A caller was respected for his ability to build small groups into larger ones; to make the novice at ease; to create a sense of cooperation between all new and old dancers. Today? Today in what some call a 'NEW way of life' he is expected to come up with new, New, NEW calls each and every dance.

The title of this article "Quo Vadis" or in English, "Whither Goest Thou?" simply asks the question of whether we are to make of this wholesome form of recreation a continued source of pleasure, OR a mad race for the end of all square dancing has meant over the years. It is up to YOU to decide.

The following or second part of "Quo Vadis" titled "The Maestro's Folly" or "The Last Cry of the Wild Goose" may seem sadistical satire, but I wonder if it really is. It COULD happen; or don't you think so?

The huge stadium was hushed. The assembled thousands sat immobile. Twilight had faded and



the lights shining on the great stage was the only illumination except for the stars.

In his dressing room, surrounded by the highest paid writers of square dance calls in the universe, sat the maestro caller with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead and slowly running down his pale, sunken cheeks. His eyes, as he glared at the writers, were terrible to see, and each writer trembled, waiting to hear the outburst that was to come.

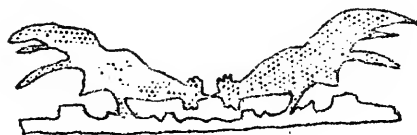
Outside in the corridor, a special messenger stood poised to dash to the stadium announcer with the news that was to rock the square dance world.

In another larger room, used for rehearsal square dancers sat, or moved quietly about, none daring to speak above a whisper.

This was the night that had been long awaited. The night when the great maestro was to mount the podium, and as advertised over the radio, television, and through the press, call the NEW square dance. Now the entire world waited with bated breath, ears glued to their radio receivers, or eyes strained on their video sets. Any minute now the program must start.

Back in the maestro's dressing room, the maestro stood up slowly; his hands clutching the back of his chair to steady his trembling legs.

out of which all strength had drained. The veins on his face stood out like knotted cords, throbbing madly as he strove to speak...yet no words could come out of his horribly twisted mouth... Before him the writers stood transfixed,...helpless to move. Their eyes riveted on the maestro they knew only too well that they had failed... failed to find that which they had done so many many times before. As they stood there they could hear the labored breathing coming in gasps from the throat of the maestro. He too, knew that they had failed, and in that knowledge knew beyond all doubt that he was through. As he tried with every muscle to speak, the past went through his tortured brain. Had he not introduced all of the most complicated dance calls? Had he not made it so difficult for all others that only he at last, was the only caller in the world left? And now this. His writers had failed him. ...failed him when all the world waited HIS new call. By now his eyes were bulging from their sockets; his breath coming in terrible gasping gulps; his heart pounding madly, until with a strangled scream he pitched forward to the floordead.



DO WE WANT EVERYBODY TO FOLK DANCE ?

by

Reuben Merchant

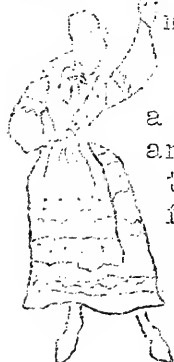
During one of the fireside discussion periods at the Maine Folk Dance Camp last spring, we were considering how to get more people interested in folk dancing. It was then that I opened my mouth (which I do too often) and said.....

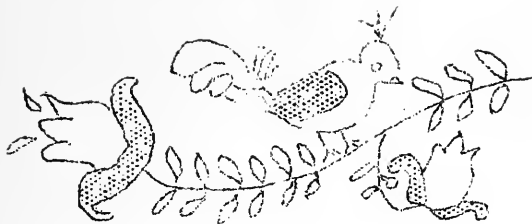
that I didn't expect nor want everybody to folk dance in my section. The result was like spilling a bottle of ink on a white tablecloth; the contrast between my statement and the general trend of thought made it stick out and hence I must go around living it down wherever I meet a Maine Folk Dance Camper.



Let's take a look at the statement and at people and see what we find. First of all, stop and think for a moment of our planet-the earth. On a dark night we can see the isands of stars which are millions of miles away and beyond the ones we can see we know there are more. Why are we on this particular spot in the universe at this particular moment? I don't understand it and neither do you, but it is wonderful. The same goes for physical development, abilities, and interests. We don't fully understand it, but we are all different and we can thank God for that. If you were all like my neighbor down the street, whose chief interest in life is collecting match folders, that would be awful. If you were all like me, that would be even worse.

Fortunately however, we are different and we can all contribute to and share in the culture of our marvelous planet. So far, I haven't mentioned folk dancing and, in fact this whole article could be written without it. You, as a folk dancer, are acting as a link between the past and the future and without your study and practice, future generations would go without benefit of what has gone before. The same is true of the chess player, the mathematician, the baker, and the fisherman. Each takes from the past; contributes his best and sends it along to the next generation.





If everybody was as enthusiastic a folk dancer as I am, no one would have time to play baseball and that would be a great tragedy. I like to either watch a baseball game or get out and play it occasionally, and it is the interest of the men who play baseball all of the time that keeps it going and makes it possible for me to enjoy it when I have the time or inclination. The same is true of acting, stamp collecting, rifle shooting, or----- (fill in your own). Everyone doing anything constructive indirectly contributes to the wellbeing of everyone else.

In my own district, I would classify about 1/10 of 15 of the population as folk dancers. There is another $\frac{1}{2}\%$ who like to get out and toss the girls around, and perhaps they are folk dancers--it is all a matter of degree. However you figure it, the percentage is small. It grows in places and declines in others, but never will include everybody. If it did, your baby sitter would be out to a folk dance and then you could not go.

This doesn't mean that you shouldn't keep right on trying to get more people interested in your chosen activity. Go right to it--if he's all wrapped up in his amateur radio he won't come; but on the other hand he may be bored with life, and folk dancing is just what he needs.

Those are the people we want: the ones who aren't already leading a full life. By getting

them out, you are doing a service to the individuals themselves; you are doing a service to yourself and to the community as well.

Now, if you will pardon me, I have some dance publicity I must work on. We are going to publicize this dance in every way possible and try to get EVERYBODY out.

I. THOUGHT
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 SQUARE DANCERS
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by Dudley Briggs



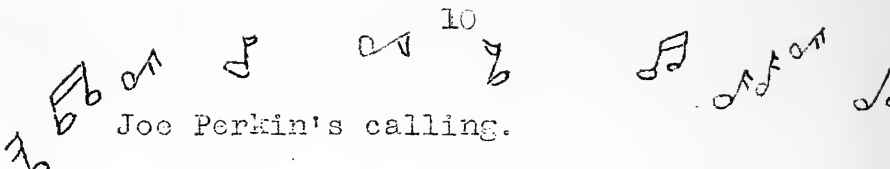
My first acquaintance with square dancing was from a seat in the orchestra. Some friends of mine, musicians with whom I had played occasionally for popular dancing, had been playing for square dancing called by Durward Maddocks, author of "Swing Your Partner". For one of these dances they needed an extra musician, and I was asked to fill in.

We found the dance at a hall in Rowley, Massachusetts. My chief recollection of the evening is that some of the music was awfully difficult, as I was playing a tenor saxophone and had to transpose everything from violin music. I felt so incompetent that I'm afraid I regarded

the whole affair with disgust. Any form of dancing done to such crazy music, and that included so much shouting and jumping and involved directions to get the dance going was quite foreign to my experience as a player of popular music. I thought the folks who indulged in such folderol were just plain whacky and I continued to think so for a long time.

My orchestral friends continued to ask me to play, and as I needed the dollars the playing brought I never refused. After a number of jobs I learned to play well enough so that I could carry my own weight in the music; even coming to the point where I transposed so naturally that I nearly forgot how to play without transposing. It was a long time before I could take my eyes off the music and observe what the dancers were doing. Square dancing, in the places where I played was a new experience, and nearly everyone was a beginner. I watched them slave and perspire, using three times as much energy as they needed to do the dances, and I remember thinking how silly they were to pay good money for the privilege of half killing themselves. The fact that they seemed to be having a wonderful time merely convinced me that there was something wrong with them.

I moved away from home to take a teaching position and it seemed as though my connection with square dancing was over. Mr. Milton E. Lord, director of the Boston Public Library, lived in the town where I taught, and he wished to get some local square dancing started. To do it he needed an orchestra, and one evening he called upon me and asked me to start such an orchestra. I agreed to do it, and soon found some local musicians who were willing to do the job. That was the start of the Boxford Country Dance Orchestra, which is still doing a lot of playing for



Joe Perkin's calling.

A good deal of square dance music is very monotonous to play. It is the same thing over and over. The contra dance music is often difficult, especially for a saxophone. It has to be transposed as one plays and seems to run into keys involving all the difficult and awkward fingerings of the instrument. Of course, I early realized that the sax wasn't the proper instrument for that type of music, but I stuck with it. The dancing looked monotonous too from where I sat. All that promenading and getting nowhere!! But something was brewing that changed my attitude completely in the end.

Mr. Lord conceived of his square dances a community affair. Folks of all ages from eight to eighty attended, and they all joined in enthusiastically. I guess Mr. Lord believed in real community participation, for he worked out an arrangement which I still think has many merits. He couldn't always get callers, so he asked every person who regularly attended the dances to learn to call one or more dances. And as the evening went on, almost everyone came up to the microphone and called the dance he knew. It was mighty interesting to see some young fellow hop onto the stage, call a dance, and then jump down to take the place of the next fellow to call.

One evening Mr. Lord asked me to call one of the dances. I was startled, horrified, and scared to death. I was having plenty of trouble just playing the music. For some reason I agreed to do it. The dance was an easy one, the Spanish Circle. The crowd knew it pretty well anyway. I stepped up to the mike holding a little card with the directions he'd written for me; called



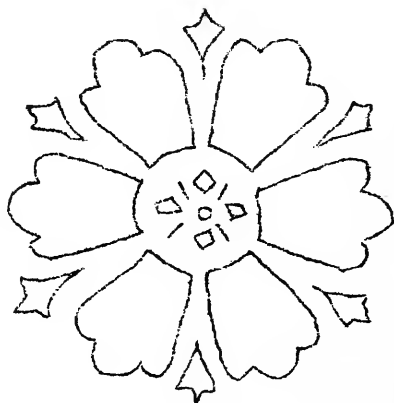
for the circle formation, and nodded to my brother, who was playing the fiddle, and away we went. My gosh, an amazing thing happened. They were doing it! I suppose they could have done it without a caller, but to me it was sheer magic watching the figures unfold as I called the changes. I found myself liking it. When they clapped at the end, I was more eager than they to do it again. Right then I found that calling appealed to me, and I got some ideas about being a caller some day, even though up to that time I had never danced a square dance myself.

It was a long time before I did much calling. I moved to other towns, and started other orchestras, played for many callers. Each one had different dances and different ways of doing things. I found much of the folk music used in dances taught by callers like Ralph Page, Al Smith, and many others, was lovely in itself. I was able to take my eyes off the music more and more, and observe what was going on on the dance floor. I found I liked it, and when I got a chance to do the dances, I liked it even better.

At last I could see beyond the monotony of contra tunes. I decided to be a caller and spent a good many hours of study in preparation.

Since I've been calling, I've changed my ideas about square dancing completely. I no longer think square dancers are crazy; I believe they are the most sensible people in town. And such fine people! My wife frequently goes along with me to help demonstrate the dances, and it has been a wonderful boon to have such an activity to enjoy together.

It looks now as though I shall be spending a good share of my time learning more about a fascinating art. It is a study that has no end for probably no one can ever learn more than a fraction of all there is in folk dancing. Yet that in itself is a merit, for there is always some fresh experience awaiting one just around the next corner. I was a hard customer to convince--it took me over ten years to move from one side of the fence to the other on the subject of square dancing. I can only say that I wish it hadn't taken so long.



FOLK DANCE

Pfingstfreitag in der Probstei
Black Forest Mazurka



The Dance:

Formation:- Double circle around room. Men on inside, ladies on outside. Partners side by side, inside hands joined, held at shoulder level bent at the elbows. Outside hands are placed on own hips.

Figure 1

Measures 1-2. Beginning with outside foot. Man's left, lady's right, couples take 2 waltz steps forward, swinging hands forward at shoulder level on first step; swinging back on 2nd.

Meas. 3. Partners swing joined hands forward and outward, releasing hands; at same time take one waltz step turning outward away from each other, around in place.

Meas. 4. Partners face each other and each clap own hands three times.

Figure 2

Meas. 5. Partners take ordinary dance position and move forward in the circle with the following step: 2 waltz steps, beginning with outside foot (m-l, w-r) count 1-2. hop on the inside foot on count 3, leaning forward a bit on the first 2 cts, straightening up on 3rd ct. Repeat this step for 6th measure.

Meas. 7-8. Couples turn to the man's left, ccl (counterclockwise) once around with 6 small running steps. (backward for man, forward for lady) You are still in ordinary dance position.

Repeat whole dance from the beginning as long as desired.

This dance is known by two names: "Black Forest Mazurka" and "Pfingsfreitag in der Probstei". That is what the Bavarians themselves call the dance, and you're going to find it a good full mouthfull of syllables the first few times you try to pronounce it. But keep at it and after a while it will be easy.

Michael Herman says the name describes the fact that it was done on Whitsunday, as the peasants gathered on the estate of the prior to observe Pentecostal festivities.

It is an easy dance to learn with a nice catchy tune. It is a fair to middlin' workout also as you will discover for yourself. Don't try to dance it too long at a time, unless you are in cahoots with the local undertaker.

Don't get scared; it's a good dance.

We have been asked by a few people why it is that we keep giving directions for easy folk dances in NORTHERN JUNKET. They say that they know them, and want more difficult ones. That's too bad. Maybe they do know them, but there are a great many more who do not.

A real good folk dancer is known not by the number of dances he knows, but how well he dances the ones he does know. It's not a matter how high you can leap; how loud you stamp; or how many times you can spin around. These things are usually the mark of a lazy dancer covering up his lack of knowledge of the dance. Good style is what gives every dance its own particular charm. Good style emphasizes effortless and graceful dancing. Show us a dancer with continuously 'loud' feet, and we'll show you a bad dancer. He's not interested in doing the dance as it should be done; he's only interested in showing off the size of his feet.

SQUARE DANCE

Birdie in the Cage

(Northern New England version)

Suggested music: "Reel des Moissionnaires"

Here's exactly the way we call it.

Head two couples bow and swing
 Right there at the head of the ring
 Lead to the right and circle four
 Once around and then no more
 Lady in the cage, and act your age
 Circle three hands once around
 Girl steps out, gent steps in
 Three hands round you go agin
 Gent comes out, gives lady a swing
 Up to the next and the same old thing
 One with four, three with two
 Four hands round that's what you do
 Birdie in the cage, circle three
 Bird flies out, crow hops in
 Three hands round and gone agin
 Crow comes out, gives birdie a swing
 Home you go, everyone swing oh
 Swing your partner round in place
 With a big smile on your face
 Allemande left like sawin' pine
 Right hand to partner, walk down the line
 When you meet her, promenade eight
 Promenade with sister Kate.
 Then swing your partners, swing 'em all
 Slim ones, fat ones, short or tall.

Side two couples bow and swing
 Right there on both sides of the ring
 Watch out there! You'll break a toe
 Lead to the right and round you go

Birdie in the cage three rails high
 You be a preacher and so will I
 Hen comes out, rooster hops in
 Flap your wings and round agin
 Rooster comes out, gives old hen a swing
 On to the next and same old thing
 Four with three, two with one
 Circle four you're not quite done
 Gent stays out, lady steps in
 Don't forget to go round agin
 Birdie comes out, old hawk's in
 Join your hands and gone agin
 Hawk comes out, gives birdie a swing
 Home you go and swing your own
 Ain't you lucky the bird ain't flown?
 You swing yours, I'll swing mine
 Rather swing my girl any old time
 Allemande left like swingin' a birch
 Grand right and left like catchin' perch
 When you meet her, pass right by
 Wink at the next as you go by
 Kiss the last one on the sly
 And swing your partner by and by
 Swing 'em men, swing 'em all
 They ain't done that since way last fall
 Promenade all around the hall
 Kiss her quick or not at all.

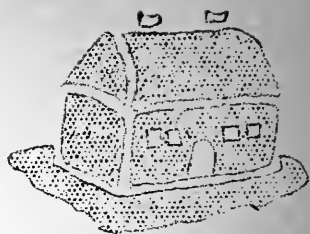


CONTRA DANCE

Morning Star

Music-Reillys's Own

The Dance.

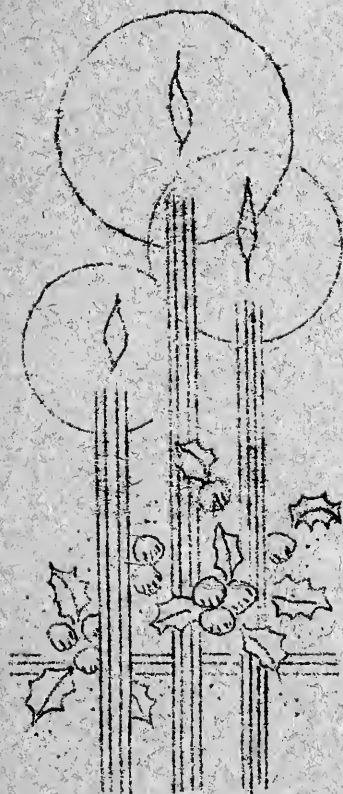


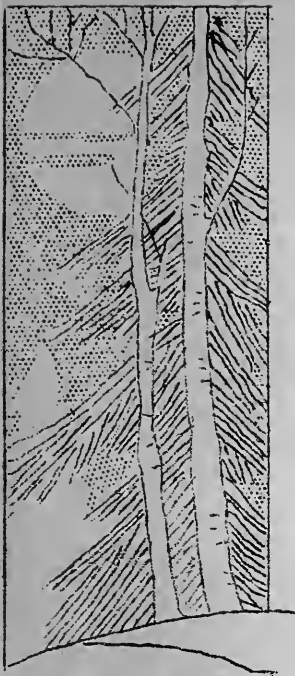
regular contry dance formation. 1st, 3rd, 5th etc couples active and start the dance. DON'T cross over. Stay on your own side of the set.

Right hand to partner, balance and swing
 Left hand to partner, balance and swing again
 Active couples down the center and back
 Cast off, right and left four.



Merry Christmas





CHRISTMAS




by
Helen Vail

Folklore and legends of the Christmastide reveal the deep attachment of country dwellers on both farms and woods for the beasts and birds of the fields and forests, for one can hardly think of a creature that in some way does not have a place in the festivities of that happy and warm hearted season. It is as if the good folk of all countries would share with their animals the joys and blessings

of the coming of the Christ-child.

Most of us have heard of the ancient belief that on Christmas Eve all beasts, under the roof of warm barns or under the starry Winter sky, kneel at midnight and turn their heads toward the East. It is believed too, that at that time they are given the gift of human speech with which to voice their praise. We are aware too, that in nearly all Old World countries it is the custom to give extra food to the family dog and cat, the hens, the cattle, the horses; all the animals who share in the daily life and work of the farm family. The future is provided for in Belgium by the blessing of oats and grain on Christmas Eve. Hens who eat of these grains are safe from wolves and foxes, and horses are kept well and strong.

But even the little lowly creatures have



their share of Christmas legend. One tells of a small beetle who happened to be spending the night on the roof of the stable in Bethlehem. He was awakened by angels singing of the birth of the little Jesus. In his tiny ardor he flew to one of them and begged that he might bring the good tidings to other small creatures, and for his zeal, received a spark from the angel's own halo. He carries it to this day. We call him "Firefly."

In England folks go the hives at midnight to listen to the bees humming their joy of the Christ-child's natal hour. And even spiders are remembered then for it is believed that their spinning of a web over the first Christmas Tree, turned glimmering because of their devotion, was the beginning of our own custom of laying strands of tinsel over the fragrant branches of our fir trees.

A Polish legend tells how a spider, hidden in the stable that night long ago, wove a coverlet of silken web for Mary to lay over the feet of the Babe. For this gift she bestowed a blessing: from that time on folk who saw a spider at eventide would welcome him for he would be the sign of good fortune.

Birds too, have their place in Christmas legend. On the first Christmas Eve a robin hovered above a fire built in the stable, warming the holy family, and fanned his wings, making it burn more brightly. The rosy glow of the flames touched his breast with red and ever since his kind have borne this mark of remembrance.



In Norway and Sweden little clay birds made especially at this time, remind us of the story that when Jesus played with other children at making things of mud, as children do, He clapped His hands and all the clay birds flew twittering away.

Even the calls of birds have been translated in folk legend. The cock crows "Christus Natus Est"....Christ is Born. The raven queries: "Quando?"...When? The crow replies "Hac Nacte". This night!

And all of this is easy to believe, especially for those who know the holy quality of Christ as in the country, where an unmistakable hush falls over the land and touches deep woods at midnight on Christmas Eve. The very stars stand still for a brief moment of obeisance.

I remember one Christmas morning of white snow fallen thick over the evergreens that surround my mountain cottage. Something called to me from the woods. This often happens when there are things to see, messages to tell. Slowly I walked through the deep drifts, under snow-laden trees, wondering what secret they had to share, when I felt myself irresistibly drawn to a group of very ancient hemlocks I know and recognize as trees of great and venerable spirit. Here, under those Old Ones, were five hollows in the soft snow. The bedding place of five deer who had spent the night in that magical spot. It was plain their bodies had been turned toward the East. It was easy to imagine their soft eyes glowing darkly toward the Winter stars at that midnight moment of remembrance.



HOW IT WAS IN LATVIA

by

Wilhelm Balodis



It's snowing today. For a short time it is white all over. We run outdoors, catch the snow flakes. They are large and wet and melt quickly in our hands.

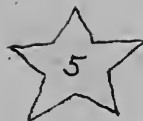
We have to think of another land, where the snow is deep and dry.

We have to think of our homeland which is so far from here--thousands of miles away.

We had a long winter there. November always brought snow, and the sun took it away in March only.

The first snowflakes told the children--- Christmas time comes near. We had long to wait--the first snowflakes came so early! But--we were not lazy! We had much to write to our "Christmas Man." Everyone had his wishes. We didn't call him Santa Claus, but only "Man of Christmas." He looks like your Santa Claus--white beard, red coat, the same smile.

The Christmas tree our mother trimmed behind closed doors. The candles were real, not electric. On the night before Christmas we went to church. We went by sledge with horses and



many little bells on the harness. The frost bit our cheeks. We looked at the starry sky and dreamed about the Christmas tree and our wishes.

After the church, at home our mother went into the room with the Christmas tree, put the light on and opened wide the door. Then we children might go in. We all stood at the tree and sang "Holy Night" in our native language.

Then--somebody knocked at the window. The Christmas Man came in. He had a big bag with many nice things for everyone. He had a switch too. For the bad children, but he never needed to use it.

Every one of us children had to sing a song or tell a Christmas poetry. Only then the Christmas Man gave his presents. My sister was always excited, but I thought the Christmas Man looked like my Uncle Michael--I don't know.

After all that ceremony we had our traditional dinner--pork roast with sauerkraut. We celebrated Christmas three days. Everyone who was able left the towns and went into the country to the relatives and friends.

Not anywhere is the Christmas time so beautiful as in our homeland country when after a long ride through deep wood you see the Christmas lights.

How is it now in our homeland?

(By permission of the N.H. Folk Federation
Service Bulletin)



THROWING THE HOOD

On Old Christmas-day the village of Haxey in Lincolnshire, is enlivened by the anniversary of what is called "throwing the hood" one of the most ancient customs of England. It is said to have had its origin from one Madame de Mowbray who, a few years after the conquest, was one day riding through Craize Lound, a hamlet of this parish. The wind blew her riding hood from her head, and so great was her amusement that she left twelve acres of land to the twelve men who were running after it, and gave them the curious name of Boggoners. The land, with the exception of about a quarter acre, has for centuries been lost to the Boggoners. The throwing of the hood now consists of the inhabitants of West Woodside and Haxey trying who can get the hood to the nearest public house in each place.

The hood, made of straw, covered with leather is about two feet long and nine inches round. The twelve Boggoners are stationed so as to catch hold of the hood, and they are pitched against the multitude. As soon as a Boggoner touches the hood or catches it-for it is always thrown to another as soon as caught---the game ceases. One year there were not less than 2000 people present from all parts of the neighborhood, in spite of a dense fog, to witness this old and strange custom.





THE STORY OF THREE
FAVORITE CHRISTMAS
CAROLS

There are many beloved Christmas carols the world over. But there are three which never fail to stir the heart in homes across our land. Because the story of how each of them came to be written adds much to their meaning we're passing it along to you.

When Phillips Brooks was rector of an Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land where he visited many of the Biblical shrines. Especially did he wish to visit Bethlehem. Fellow Travelers told him that to do so one had to rise at 3 A.M. and take a crude little train. This did not deter him and so it was that he arrived in that town when it was still dark.

The people still slept, and the only light was from the stars overhead. Walking the street at this time of the morning was an unforgettable experience in the life of the noted preacher and after his return to Philadelphia he recalled that pre-dawn hour and for his Sunday school class wrote:



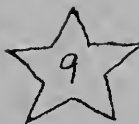
"O, little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet on thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

Charles Wesley-whose brother John founded the Methodist Church-wrote the next carol over 200 years ago.

Walking down the street of his own village to church one Christmas morning he stopped to listen to the ringing of bells in the Church steeple. The music seemed to him more than that of bells and "Hark the herald angels sing" rang through his mind as the first line of a Christmas hymn. After church services that morning he finished the verses in his home for what was to become one of the most beloved carols:

"Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

On Christmas Eve, 1818, in a small Austrian village, the choir master of the little church in Obendorf-on-the-Salzach heard the parish priest tell of his despair over the organ which was badly in need of repairs. The townsfolk were in need of Christmas music next day to lighten

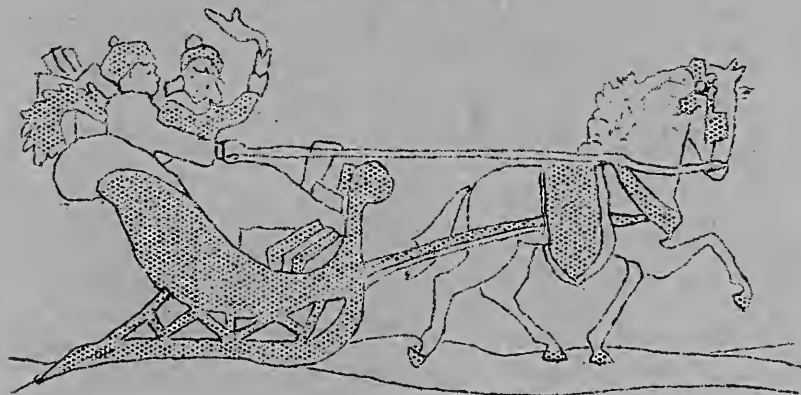


their disappointment over a poor crop year. Also the priest, Josef Mohr, had written words for a new carol and the choirmaster had written the music for it, as a surprise for the children of the parish.

Franz Gruber, the choirmaster, promised to have the organ sound as well as ever by nightfall. The story goes that before the new song was ever sung for a hushed audience in the chapel, Franz Gruber sang it at home to his family. When he had finished there was deep silence for a moment; then his wife spoke. "You and I are getting old my Franz. In a few years, perhaps, we will die. But that song will live forever!"

Indeed, ever since that night this old country carol has been sung in many lands, and is the most widely beloved carol of all.

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild;
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."





CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

by

Frieda Opdahl, a Norwegian
student at U.N.H.

Everything is white and quiet-it snows heavily. Out of the window flows warm light and a sweet smell of cookies and other good things. Looking in the kitchen window we see the family busy because it is the last week before Christmas and we all like to help mother. Nobody is satisfied until they have prepared at least 15 different kinds of cookies.

Finally the day before Christmas arrives. Everybody is hurrying about to buy last minute gifts. Father and son go out into the woods with an axe to look for a nice tree while mother and daughter are finishing the preparations



at home. Then the tree is decorated and none of the children are allowed to see it until the evening---exciting!

At four o'clock of Holy Eve afternoon the church bells ring Christmas in. On this day everybody goes to church, even if it is the only time in the year, and that night the family is at home together. They usually have a traditional dinner which many of the children wish never existed. One reason is that they can't stand one of the Christmas dishes which is called "en tefisk". This is a dried fish which has a yellow color. You put sugar and bacon on it and it tastes like ????????????????

When the family is seated in front of the fireplace mother reads the Christmas-Evangelium from the Bible. The door which had been so carefully locked is at last opened and there it stands; the tree with lovely candles and under the tree are all the presents. Suddenly the door bell rings, "Who is it? Jullnissen?" (Jullnissen is the spirit who decorates the tree and who tells Santa Claus what the children want for Christmas). No one dares to open the door, so mother has to do it. And there he is. Santa Claus dressed in a fur coat and in a long red cap, carrying with him a large sack with presents.

How strange it is that father is always in the basement at this time. Trembling, the children shake hands with "him".

Between Christmas and New Years Evening there are all kinds of traditional family parties. One big party at grandmother's home on



Christmas Day and then they are followed by one after the other.

New Years Eve is a time for the younger people. In the country on the big farms usually hold balls. At midnight everyone leaves and changes their clothes for now they are going to take the horses out. On this snowlit, romantic night they have races on ice. The bells on the sleds jingle and the air is full of joy, fun and good wishes for the New Year.

Our customs are very old and Solstice was celebrated in Norway long before Christianity came. Since it is the longest night of the year and it heralds longer days we always have a big celebration just as we always have on the longest day-the 24th of June. Christmas acquires a strange look because of the coincidence of these two forms of celebrations; however the Norwegian people are conservative and thus they wish to keep their beautiful traditional customs

(By permission of the N.H.Folk Federation Service Bulletin.)





AUNT ANNA'S RUBY PIE

Bright red is Christmas color and this pie is a fine holiday dessert. Ruby(cranberry)pie was a great favorite of Uncle Frank's.

Wash $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cranberries; add $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water. Cook in covered saucepan until berries stop popping; add a LITTLE salt; 1 rounded tablespoon of butter. Place alternate layers of cranberries and sliced bananas into a deep pie plate that has been thoroughly greased. Use 3 small or 2 large bananas; begin and end layers with cranberries. Cover fruit with pie crust that has enough cuts in it to ventilate it well. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes. Do not let this pie set overnight but DO keep in a cool place several hours before serving.

A.S.T.

Everyone likes cookies for Christmas. The Germans and Scandinavian peoples are famous for their Christmas cookies, many of which must be



stored for weeks to ripen. Here are some favorite recipes of ordinary cookies we hope you will try.

PLAIN MOLASSES COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	2 teaspoons soda
1 cup lard	1 tablespoon hot water
1 cup molasses	4 cups cake flour
1 cup sour milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Slightly cream the sugar and lard, mix in molasses, sour milk and soda dissolved in the tablespoon of hot water. Stir in flour sifted and measured and sifted again with salt. Beat well and roll out on heavily floured board to about $\frac{1}{3}$ inch in thickness. Cut with large cutter and bake on greased cookie tins for 10 to 12 minutes at 350 degrees. If you like a spicier molasses cookie merely add some ginger or a little clove.

HERMITS

1 cup shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups brown sugar	1 tablespoon milk
4 eggs	1 cup chopped dates
1 teaspoon soda	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped nuts
4 cups cake flour	prunes, dried apricots
2 teaspoons cinna	or raisins
mon	

Cream sugar and shortening, add eggs one by one, beating after every addition. Sift soda with flour and spices, add part of it and beat in and add the milk, beat again, then add remaining dry ingredients, fruits and nuts. Drop by teaspoonsfuls on greased cookie tin and bake for 10 minutes at 400 degrees.



This next recipe we got at Maine Folk
dance Camp and while it's a far cry from Christ
mas cookies we can't resist the temptation to in
clude it here for it is delicious.

APPLE KUCHEN

10 cups flour	5 cups milk
1 1/4 cups sugar	Sliced apples
4 t. baking powder	1 qt. sour cream
1 tsp. salt	1 1/2 doz. egg yolks
2 1/4 cups shortening	well beaten
5 cups sugar	

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt.
Put in fat, add milk. Spread in deep pan, bring
dough well up on sides. Spread dough with
apples. Pour over custard made of sour cream
eggs and sugar. Bake 30--40 minutes at 350 de-
grees. Serve with whipped cream. This makes
enough for a LARGE family!





WAS SAILIN



The cheeriest LOOKING Christmas drink is Cranberry Crush. Make it like this

Boil 2 quarts water with 1 tablespoon of oatmeal and a bit of lemon peel.

Mash 1 cup fresh cranberries in 1 cup of cold water.

Add the mashed cranberries to the boiling water; boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Sweeten to taste.

Strain and cool.

Don't get the mixture too sweet or you will dull the sharp cranberry flavor.

It seems that eggnogs are associated with Christmas. Now there are eggnogs and eggnogs. Some like 'em and some don't. A few glasses of any of the following recipes and you won't know or care whether you like them or not.

6 eggs	1 pint sweet cream
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sugar	1 qt. whipped cream
1 qt. Bourbon whiskey	1 pint vanilla ice
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Jamaica rum	cream



Beat the eggs separately, keeping the yolks apart from the whites. Add sugar and beat up stiff with a silver fork. Then add the whisky, the rum, whipped cream and a good pinch of nutmeg. Now beat up the egg whites and put on top of all the rest. Leave in a cool place overnight and pour the pint of sweet cream into it in the morning, Float the ice cream on top.

Hot Rum Punch-Old English

Take the juice of 3 lemons; grated rind of 2 lemons; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of brandy; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of rum; 1 cup of sugar; 1 qt. of boiling water, a little nutmeg. Pour the lemon juice over the sugar and add the grated rind. Then mix the brandy with rum, add the boiling water and let it simmer for two minutes and serve hot. Wouldn't wonder but what it would also be a good hair remover.

And here is one you may serve to anyone young or old.

Christmas Punch

2 cups strong tea	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup lemon juice
1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups orange juice	2 tablespoons lime juice
1 cup sugar	Leaves from 12 sprigs
8 slices of pineapple	of mint
& juice from can	4 pts. ginger ale
4 pints plain soda	Crushed ice

Place tea in large bowl, add the lemon, lime and orange juice and stir well. Add mint leaves. Place these on ice for 2 hours. Just before serving, strain the punch, add the pineapple slices and juice, ginger ale, soda and crushed ice. This amount of punch should serve 18 people.



CHRISTMAS CANDLES

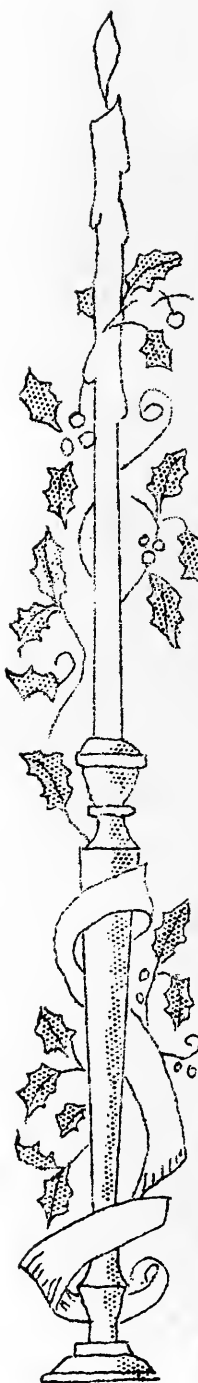
If you like unuauual things and enjoy having a hand in them you will want to make some candles for Christmas. It is not as difficult as you think it is.

Odds and ends of used candles are excellent to start with. Melt them together, or keep each color separate. Whittle them into small pieces and remove the wicks. You may prefer to just drop them into the melting can and remove the wicks later. If you do this though, cut off the burned part of the wick first, so that it won't make your candles dirty.

Mutton tallow makes excellent candles. Mix it with a little beeswax to give the candles strength, and to prevent too fast burning. To make hard tallow candles try a batch made with 10 ounces of mutton tallow, 4 ounces of beeswax, 2 ounces of alum, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of camphor.

If you live where you can get bay berries by all means make some candles. Bayberry candles with their pungent old-fashioned fragrance, so familiar to early settlers, are especially appropriate at Christmas.

Gather the berries, clean them of twigs and stems and put into boiling





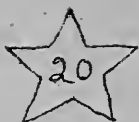
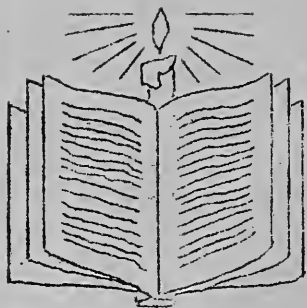
water. As the wax from the berries floats to the surface, skim it off and place in a can. Melt again (over hot water) and allow time for impurities to settle. Pour the clear wax into yet another can and use it as you would tallow, or mix it with tallow.

Other candles may be scented with liquid incense, or a few finely crushed sage leaves tossed into the melted wax or tallow will give to the finished candles a delightful fragrance.

You may color your candles by adding dry paint to the melted wax. Or you may use a drop of vegetable coloring, or even a tiny bit from a water-color tube. Or crush ordinary colored crayons and put them into the melting wax.

Your wicks are important if you wish a steady, bright light. You can get brilliance and strength by dipping your wicks in turpentine and let them dry thoroughly before using. Small wicks are best, and it is better to buy candle wicking from the dime store.

Big candles which will last for a long time may be made of cardboard milk cartons. Cut the top off as square as possible and with a large needle punch a hole in the exact center of the bottom. Tie a knot in your wick and thread it up through this hole. At the top, fasten it securely around a pencil or small stick. Hold the wick reasonably taut. Pour the wax in all at once and when candle is thoroughly cool put into the refrigerator for two hours. Then cut off the bottom knot, undo the wick at the top and peel off the cardboard.



FROM A CHRISTMAS
SCRAPBOOK

December 6th is St Nicholas' Day. The kindly Bishop of Myra is a most popular saint and wide claim is made of this patronage. He is a patron of Russia, Greece, Naples, Sicily and many cities and towns. There are hundreds of parishes who claim him as a patron. And he is the patron saint of scholars, merchants, sailors, travelers in danger of being robbed and of children.

In the Old World it is the custom to give secret gifts to children on St. Nicholas Day, telling the small ones that the gifts came from the good saint himself.

In Folkstone, England, there was once a custom used by the fishermen of that place. They chose eight of the largest and best whittings out of every boat, and sold them apart from the rest, and out of the money thus received they made a feast every Christmas Eve, which they called a 'Rumbald'. The master of each boat provided this feast for his own crew. The fish were known as 'Rumbald whittings'.

In Franconia, on the three Thursday nights preceeding the Nativity of our Lord, it used to be customary for the youths of both sexes to go from house to house, knocking at the doors and



singing Christmas Carols, and wishing all within a happy New Year. In return they obtained such things as pears, apples, nuts, and even money.

On the night of Christmas Eve our ancestors were wont to light up candles of uncommon size, called Christmas Candles, and set them in candle-sockets of stone ornamented with the figure of the Holy Lamb. Then they would lay a log of wood on the fire, called a Yule-Clog or Christmas Block to illuminate the house and turn thus night into day. As long as this Yule-Clog burned, the servants of the house were entitled to sit at their meals.

Christmas was once called the Feast of Lights in the Western or Latin church, because they used many lights or candles at the feast; or rather because Christ, the Light of all lights, that true Light, then came into the world. Hence the Christmas Candle and perhaps the Yule-Log before candles were in general use. Lights seem to have been used upon all festive occasions. Thus our use of fireworks etc. on the news of victories.

In the Scilly Islands there was once the custom of singing carols on Christmas Day at church, to which the congregation made contribution by dropping money into a hat carried round at the end of the performance.



At Abbot's or Paget's Bromley they used to celebrate Christmas, New Years and Twelfth Days with the 'Hobby Horse Dance'. A dance so called from the circumstances of one of the performers carrying between his legs the image of a horse made of thin boards, with a bow and arrow in his hand. The latter passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping on a shoulder, made a snapping noise when drawn to and fro, keeping time with the music. With this man danced six others, carrying on their shoulders as many reindeer heads with the arms of the chief families to whom the revenues of the town belonged. They danced the heys and other country dance figures. To this hobby horse dance was appropriated a pot, which was kept in turn by the reeves of the town, who provided cakes and ale to put into it; all those who had any kindness for the good intent of the institution giving pence-a-piece for themselves and families. Foreigners also that came to see it contributed; and the money, after defraying the cost of the cakes and ale, went to repair the church and support the poor.

At Ripon, in Yorkshire, on Christmas Day, the singing boys came into the church with baskets full of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, which they presented to all the congregation, generally getting in return two four or six pence, according to the quality of the lady or gentleman.

A Danish Christmas dinner consists of rice



porridge, roast goose stuffed with prunes and apples, vegetables such as potatoes and red cabbage, and for dessert, apple cake with whipped cream. A blanched almond is hidden in the rice porridge, and the one getting it is entitled to an extra Christmas gift, called 'the almond gift.'

In Finland the children do not hang up their stockings, but Santa Claus comes in himself, sometimes accompanied by a half dozen Christmas elves in brown costumes, knee length pants, red stocking, and red elves' caps, who aid in distributing the presents.

The main dinner dish is boiled codfish, served snowy white and fluffy, with allspice, boiled potatoes with cream sauce. The dried cod has soaked for seven days in a lye solution, then in clear water, to soften it to the right texture. Also you will find a roast suckling pig or a roast fresh ham, puolukka jam, mashed potatoes, and other vegetables. There will also be home made black bread, coffee cake, or toasted coffee cake. After dinner the young children go to bed though their parents stay up to talk with visitors and drink coffee until midnight, when everyone goes to bed in order to get up early next morning for church.

A white Christmas means a green Easter.

It is good luck to be born on Christmas day.



Good spirits walk about on Christmas Eve.

The first person in every family to say "Merry Christmas" on Christmas Day will have good luck for a whole year.

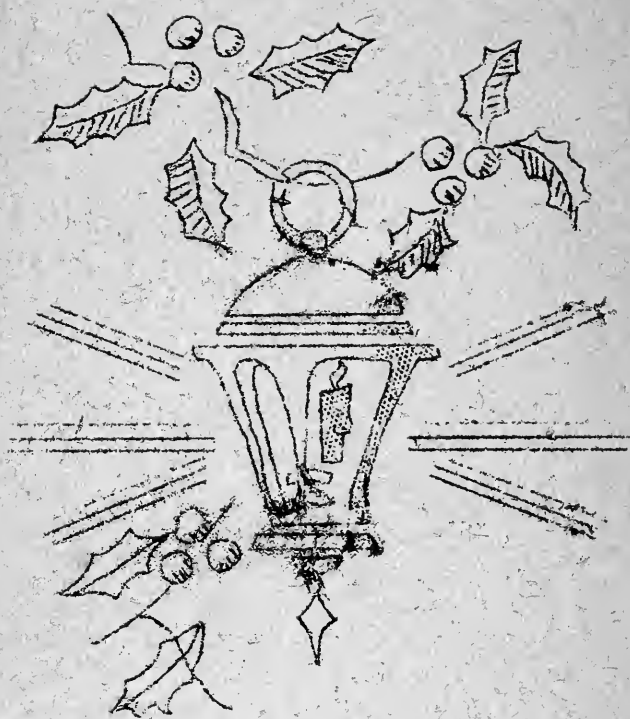
Christmas is coming
Turkeys are fat
Please put a nickle
In the old man's hat.
If you haven't a nickle
A penny will do
If you haven't that
God bless you!

It is bad luck to cry on Christmas Day.

Holly, ivy, and mistletoe,
Make a good Christmas wherever you go.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Til sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again,
Til Christmas next return.
Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year;
And where it is safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

The editors of NORTHERN JUNKET wishes all
its readers a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW
YEAR.



Unless you are an old hand at contra dancing, you will undoubtedly run into trouble with the right and left figure done with two men together and two ladies together. Don't get too worried about it for it can be done that way. Here's how you do it.

Men cast off with men and ladies with ladies. Do the right and left figure the same as you would if a man and lady were side by side. The INACTIVE man and the ACTIVE lady hold the pivot after the pass through. You should pass the opposite person right shoulders to right shoulders. Practice it a few times and you will find it quite easy to do. There are as many contras where the active couples do not cross over to start the figure as there are otherwise. The others are easier.

When finishing the 'left hand balance and swing' be sure you are facing down the set. The ladies will be on the right side of the men. In returning to place to cast off, keep the lady on your right. Easiest way to do this is for the man to pivot around in place bringing his partner around with him. Then, coming back up the set.

In some places in Vermont the swing following the left hand balance is done 'the other' way. Try it. It's easy and fun to do once in a while.

This is a favorite dance in Vermont, and is usually the last dance of the evening. It vies with the Tempest in popularity.



FOLK SONG

The Dreadnought



There is a swift packet, a packet of fame;
 She hails from New York and the Dreadnought's
 her name;
 She is bound to the westward where stormy winds
 blow;
 Bound away in the Dreadnought to the westward
 we'll go.

Now the Dreadnought is howling down the wild
 Irish Sea,
 Her passengers merry, with hearts full of glee;
 Her sailors, tough Yankees, walk the deck to and
 fro;
 She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go.

Now the Dreadnought is crossing the banks of
 Newfoundland,
 Where the water's so green and the bottom's
 all sand,
 Where the fish of the ocean, they swim to and
 fro;
 She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go.

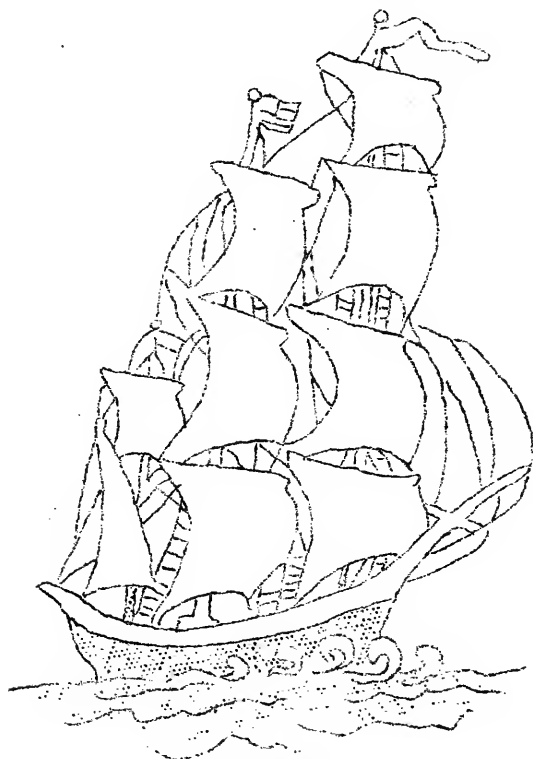
And now she is sailing down the Long Island
 shore,
 Where the pilot will board her as he's oft
 done before,
 Fill away your main topsail, board your main
 tack also,
 She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go.

Now the Dreadnought's arrived in the U.S. once
 more,
 Let's go ashore shipmates, of the land we adore,
 With wives and with sweethearts so happy we'll
 be,
 And drink to the Dreadnought wherever we be.

Now a health to the Dreadnought and all her
 brave crew
 To all the old sailors and officers too.
 Talk about your flash packets and I include
 the Black Ball,
 The Dreadnought's the ship that outsails
 them all.

This is a fore-castle song. When the day's
 work was ended, supper eaten and the mess-kids
 put away, and the pipes or cheeks as the case
 might be, filled with strong plug tobacco; then
 came the sailor's time of leisure. During the
 'dog-watch', in the early evening, both watches
 were on deck, gathered about the main hatch in
 pleasant weather, or stowed away in sheltered
 spots in bad weather. Then the men sang songs.
 No work was done to these songs.

"The Dreadnought", was one of the Western Ocean packets, and while not the fastest was probably the best known. She was built in Newburyport, Mass., in 1853, and was 1413 tons register; a very large ship for those days. She was wrecked in 1869, while under the command of Captain P.N. Mayhew; her crew were rescued after being adrift fourteen days in the boats, but the Dreadnought herself went to pieces among the rugged cliffs and crags and roaring breakers of Cape Horn. "O Lord, let her go."



*This is just a picture.
It is NOT the Dreadnought*

Folk Lore

Told

by

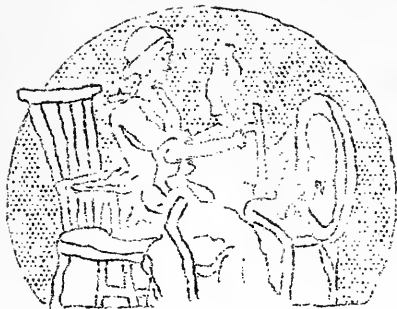
Tyler



Evenin' everybody. How be ya? Thanks. The same to you, and a Happy New Year too. How are things down to th' center? All lighted up for Christmas I bet. Thought so. Have to go down to morrow night and see 'em. Wonder if th' young folks 'll be goin' round th' streets singin' Christmas carols way they used to?

Been grindin' common crackers in th' meat grinder so's Ma could make some good dressing for the baked capon we're goin' to have. Had quite a time findin' th' crackers. Dummit it all to glory anyway! You'd think th' bakeries c'd leave just one thing alone. They're gettin' bad as wimmen over their hats; use a receipt just once and then throw it away. Couldn't find a common cracker in town. Lots of saltines, but no crackers. What's the world comin' to? Finally I had to send up to Herb Warren in Vermont and he mailed down a big bag full of 'em.

Got a bakery up there in Montpelier that knows how to make crackers; great big ones, most an inch thick. As Pierre Landry says: "They sure stick to the rib."



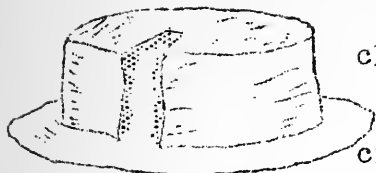
Don't know what we'd a done years ago without common crackers. Remember we used to order 'em once in a while from the mail order catalog. Twenty pounds of 'em in a wooden box for ninety nine cents. Mostly though, we bought 'em down to the general store at the Corners.

Used to eat a lot of stews, chowders 'n soups in them days. And all of 'em called for a lot of crackers to eat with 'em. Don't want to go's fur's to say that those round crackers you could split with your thumb was as good as new homemade bread an' butter, but we used 'em a good many ways.

'Long in the fall and fore part of winter Ma used to make a tomato chowder that was awful nice. Used home canned tomatoes, and made it in th'forenoon and let it set on back of th'stove til supper time. Just afore Pa 'n I come through the ell with the milk pails and lanterns, she'd put two, three dozen of them crackers into the big kittle an'bout a quarter pound of butter. You put a couple big bowlfuls of that chowder into yer an' you'd know you'd had somethin' to eat. 'specially if you had some hot deep-dish apple pie and several glasses of cold creamy milk 'long with it.

We used to break the crackers in half and toast 'em on top of th'stove, then spread maple sugar or strawberry jam on 'em for an after noon snack. Once in a while we'd eat 'em with a big hunk of Crowley





cheese and a pitcher of milk.

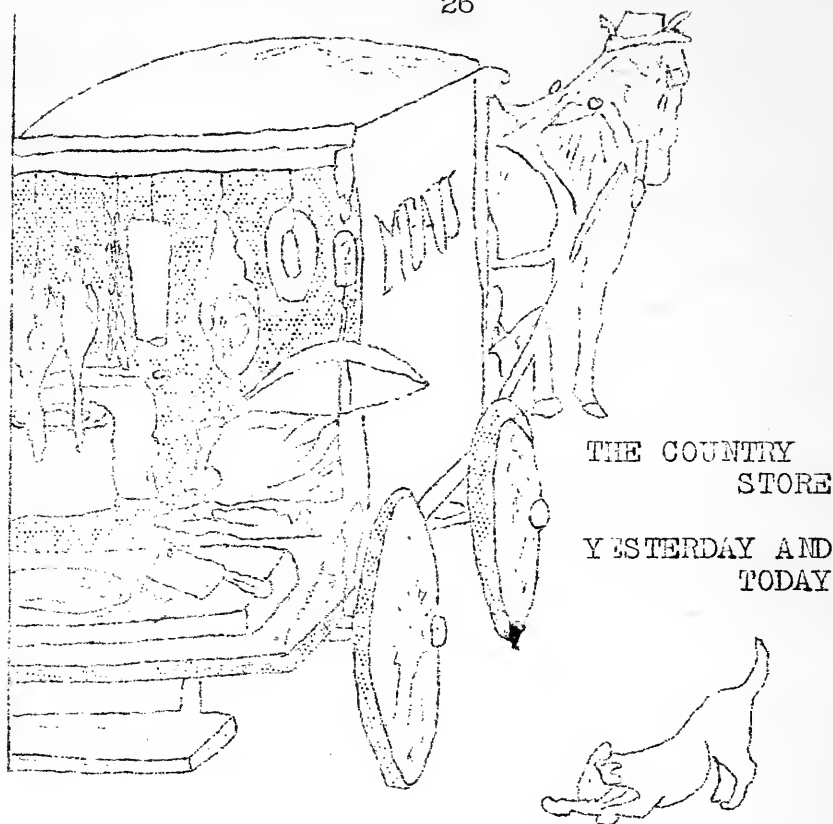
Mother depended on them crackers for crumbs in her scalloped oysters and scalloped potatoes. Never had any? Humpf! Where yer been all yer life? She'd make a cracker pudding out of 'em that was better 'n any bread puddin' I've ever had sence. Flavored it with vanilla and put in lots of raisins and chopped butternuts. Makes a bodys mouth water to think of it.

Wish I could remember that potato-cracker crumb dressin' Mis Merrill used to make to stuff her roastin' chicken with. So good that the second day that dressin' het up over agin and covered with thick gravy was 'bout as good as a drumstick.

They say the reason for the Montpelier crackers bein' so good is on account of the water they use makin' 'em. Don't know about that. Gurnsey Brothers here in Keene used to make an awful nice cracker 'fore they closed up the bakery an' went to sellin' nuthin' but terbaccer and candy'n things like that.

Lord! I'm hungry! How 'bout you fellers? What say, Hattie? C'n you stodge up somethin' to eat? Not too much. Just a nuff to take the curse off a empty stom ach. Come on out int' th' kitchen fellers, an' I'll bile up some coffee fer yer, to go with that left over beef stew. Y'ain't very hungry 'f yer can't eat THAT.





The country store of our youth was the friendly gathering place on weekdays for the entire community, even as the church was on Sunday. More often than not the post office was located in a corner of the village store and "waitin for the mail" was a ritual, now passing into the limbo of forgotten Americana.

We had one mail delivery a day about 2:30 every afternoon, and as I remember it the Boston papers were just as interesting to read with news twelve hours old as they are today when we feel lost if they are not a companion of the breakfast table. During warm weather we used to sit out on the piazza on settees placed at eith



Old Can



*weight to pull
the door "to"*



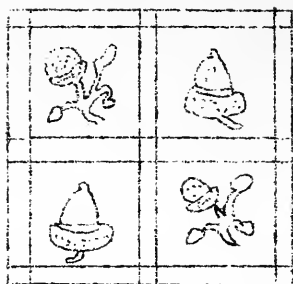
flat is on

er side of the door. In winter time a good fall of drifting snow was sure to bring out every able bodied man in the community to 'wait for the mail' and compare notes about the depth of snow and the height of the drifts.

Outside was a long row of hitching posts. As one entered the store the most prominent object was the big, black, pot-bellied wood stove in an open space near the middle of the room. Around this stove was settled the affairs of the nation, the town, and the neighbors business.

The men gathered around this old stove, sitting on cracker barrels, empty boxes, and backless chairs-with perhaps one rocker with a pillow in it, reserved for the most respected oldest present (otherwise occupied by the store cat). Here they swapped stories, jokes, and the latest news. What has become of all those old cracker barrel philosophers-each one of them a character to be remembered by all who knew them? They all seem to have vanished with the disappearance of the oldtime country store.

What a fascinating place it was for us youngsters to visit! We loved to linger in front of the long candy case, prolonging the de-

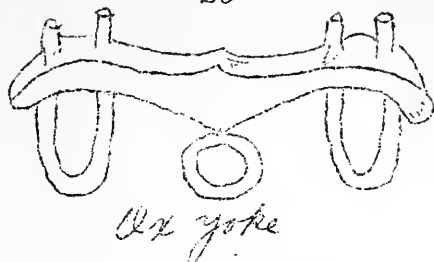


Butter mold 1st.

licious anticipation of spending that penny for an all day sucker. Or perhaps we'd decide to buy a stick of peppermint, done up in paper and slipped through a 'gold' ring; or maybe a piece of licorice, or ten chocolate teddy bears.

Folks lined up at the counter visiting leisurely with each other and with the storekeeper while waiting their turns to have their purchases weighed out and bagged, and the bags tied around the neck with string. There were no packaged goods; everything sold in bulk. Sugar and crackers, pickles, molasses, vinegar, salt pork, and flour all had to be measured out of the barrels in which they were shipped. It took some time to be waited on in those days, but then everybody had time.

There were big wooden boxes of salt codfish bricks, and the smaller boxes of dried herring. Sometimes too, the salt codfish was the entire fish itself. That was about all the fish available in sections back from the immediate seashore. Also in boxes were prunes and other dried fruits. No canned fruits, nor fresh fruits nor vegetables out of season many years ago. The tea and coffee and spices were stored in highly decorated tin canisters (enameled) arranged along the shelves in back of the counter and we enjoyed seeing the various products of far



away lands being scooped out and put on the scales. Underneath the counter were kept kegs of nails, iron cooking utensils, and various types of hardware such as axes, picks, shovels, etc. Up on the high shelves were the crockery and glass ware, including wash bowls and pitchers, lamps, dishes, and odd pieces of bric-a-brac. Long bars of yellow soap were piled up pyramid style with plenty of air spaces between to permit the rough drying out and hardening.

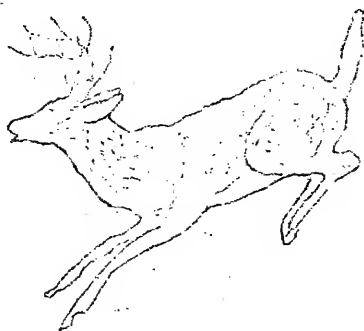
That was not all of the things to be found here, for most stores sold skeins of yarn, embroidery floss and spools of thread, dress materials and mens hats, work clothes and felt boots. In fact you could buy anything from a fishhook to a plow in an old time general store.

It was in these country stores that the term 'trading out' originated. When customers did not have much money with which to pay for their supplies, they brought products off the farm for barter or 'trade' for the groceries or dry goods. The term persists even today in many country sections where the custom has all but died out, for nowadays little is really traded except in a few instances where the farmers still bring their butter and eggs to the store. In most cases today the farmers' eggs are picked up at his door by trucks; and very little dairy butter is made any more.

Today we have big, well-lighted, comfortable

spacious, self-service markets, where we may hastily or leisurely travel up and down the aisles with the little double decker carriage and load it full with all the beautiful packages of various foods. Everything wrapped and no more sampling or tasting, but all so sanitary. Everything so clearly labeled, that we can know just what is within, and we can also be sure of the quality by becoming acquainted with the brand names. We have frozen foods, fish and vegetables, meats and fruits, and baked goods to be taken home to put into the oven for a few minutes and taken out to serve steaming hot if desired. The danger is that we shall pick up more than we can pay for or carry home.

The new supermarkets are a vast change from the old country stores and we must admit that in many ways they are an improvement. But we cannot get any barrels or wooden boxes to use for various purposes. Today, everything is put up in paper cartons. We must confess that sometimes we get a little homesick for the old days and ways. But as far as food is concerned these are very good days indeed. If only the grocery stores would smell like grocery stores instead of superclean dehydrated vacuums.





Old Bill Tyler was speaking awhile back about chowders and stews. Here's the recipe for a darned good fish chowder, that even he would approve of.

4 lbs.haddock 2 qts.milk
 2 medium onions 5 medium potatoes
 6 oz.salt pork 2 pilot crackers
 (Soak crackers in water
 for 10 minutes then squeeze)
 Salt,pepper and flour for dredging.

Buy a 4-lb. haddock. Have it filleted, saving the head and bones. Do not remove the skin.

Place head and bones in top of double boiler. Cover with milk (the full 2 qts if container is large enough) and simmer for an hour and a half.

Peel the onions and slice very thin.

Pare potatoes, cut in 1/8 inch pieces.

Cut salt pork in thin slices.

Cut fillets of haddock in 3 inch pieces. A 4-lb. fish will make 8 or 10 pieces.

Have salt, pepper and flour for dredging close by. Allow about 30 minutes from time the chowder is 'packed' until it is to be served. Packing means combining the different ingredients in the chowder kettle. To assure slow cooking, use the heaviest kettle you have, preferably one with a tight fitting cover.

Try out pork in kettle. When light brown remove rashers, dry on paper and keep hot to be served later.

Strain off the milk from the fish bones, adding sufficient to make 2 qts. and keep hot until needed.

Put a layer of potatoes (using about $\frac{1}{3}$) into the kettle with the hot fat.

Next put a layer of fish, then a layer of onions.

Salt and pepper well and dredge with the flour.

Then repeat the process using the remaining potatoes, a second layer of fish and another

of onion.

Add the hot milk slowly.

Cook 25 minutes after it begins to boil.

Five minutes before taking from fire, add 2 pilot crackers which have been soaked in cold water for 10 minutes and squeezed.

Remove from fire. Place carefully in warmed soup tureen. The pieces of fish should be whole-likewise the potatoes, else the whole chowder is overcooked.

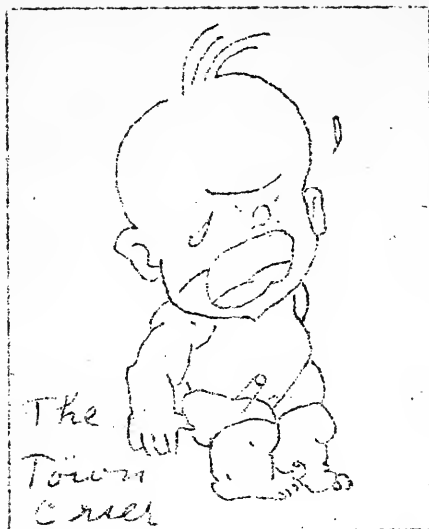
Serve at once in soup plates accompanied with the crisp pork rashers (to be eaten with one's fingers!) and common crackers freshly toasted in the oven.

This is one of the few chowder recipes we have seen without water. The only reason ever given for using water in chowder is that the milk will burn if used alone. Such is NOT the case as anyone trying this recipe will find out.

And the last time old man Tyler visited us he like to've burst a gusset eating this Cream-Codfish, with new young beets.

1 lb. salt codfish 1 tablespoon butter
1 cup heavy cream 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Soak codfish until fresh enough to your own taste, changing water several times; use tepid water. 1 hour before serving, drain off water, cover with fresh cold water; simmer but do not boil until fish is tender-about 1 hour. Drain well so that no water is left. Cover fish with heavy cream-bring to boil, but DO NOT BOIL. Add pepper and butter. Serve with crisp fried salt pork & fresh young beets.



Born: July 6, to Mr and Mrs John Wilson, a daughter, Kathleen Stevens.
Born: November 3, to Mr and Mrs Harold Mansfield a son, Timothy Abercrombie.

Louis B. DeRochemont, who made the movie "Lost Boundaries" is in Exeter N.H. making another to be called "The Whistle at Eton Falls." Some where in the picture you'll see the famous New Hampshire contra dance "Hull's Victory".

The dance sequence is under the direction of Dr J. Howard Schultz, Univ. of N.J. and you will recognize Mr & Mrs Arthur Tufts, Johnny Trafton, Mr & Mrs Mal Hayden, Mrs Guy Mann, and thirty five other New Hampshire experts. They alone made the sound track of foot noises, so that the rhythm ought to be pure. *****

The Baltic American Society of New England, Inc. presented the First Baltic Music and Dance Festival to be held in America at the John Hancock Hall, Boston, November 11, with songs and dances by Estonian, Latvian, and Lithuanian groups. *****
Annual meeting of the American Folklore Society will be held jointly with the American Anthropological Association at the Univ. of California, Berkeley, December 28, 29, 30. *****

Joe Perkins will call at the Dover, N.H. City Hall Auditorium, Friday, Jan. 12 next, for the Sea coast Region Square Dance Association. *****

Ralph Page will call at the Concord N.H. High School gym wednesday Jan. 17 next, for the Merrimack Valley Square Dance Association. *****

If you live within reasonable distance of Boston, Mass, then make this next date a MUST. (pp36)



THE COUNTRY DANCE BOOK \$2.50, postpaid

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A treasure of pleasure is found in these pages for families, churches, clubs, parties, camps, rural groups. Here is a chart to create good fun.

Order any of the above listed books from
Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.

Next month we hope to have Michael Herman's wonderful book "FOLK DANCING FOR ALL".

The night is Jan.13 at the YMCU.,48 Boylston St
PAUL HUNT will be the caller. Paul Hunt is one
of the finest callers in the country. *****
Ted Sanella leads folk and square dancing every
Friday night at Newtowne Hall,Porter Square,Cam
bridge,Mass.8-11 P.M. *****

Fitchburg,Mass.Quadrille Club will hold their
January party on Saturday the 20th.*****

The January party for the Worcester Quadrille
Club will be in the YMCA gym Friday the 19th.**

The Monadnock Folk Dance Association was organ-
ized late this fall,and twice a month parties
are planned for various town halls of the regi-
on. Membership is open to any square dancer in
the country interested enough to send member-
ship dues of \$1.00 per year to Allan Williams
treasurer,Marlboro,N.H. Other officers are:
Bernard Priest,president;Edna Proest,vice pres.
and June Ramsay,secretary. It seems to be a ve-
ry worthwhile organization. *****

Ralph Page will conduct a one day institute of
New England contra dances at the Brockton,Mass.
YMCA,Monday,January 22. Afternoon and evening
classes for those who wish to learn or better
themselves at contra dancing. *****

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THE ROUNDUP

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